

STORY OF A FIEND'S WIFE.

Mrs. Etlinger's Recital of His Nature Reads Like a Dime Novel.

"Bill Was Not Crazy but Mad, and What Could a Wife Do?" She Said.

Intrenched in His Home, He Breathed Curses of Defiance Until Burned Out Like a Rat.

SHOTS FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE.

A Vivid Description of the Mob's Endeavors to Capture the Wretch, and His Final Surrender and Tragic End.

Belleville, Pa., March 8.—The day of rest in the little village of Woodward was a day devoted to a discussion of the tragic events which resulted in the death by his own hand of the desperado, William Etlinger.

Even Mrs. Etlinger, to whom the desperado claimed his trouble was due, could find but few words of charity for her husband, and when asked of his career and tragic flight to death, her expressions of tenderness were overshadowed by words of bitterness. She is a plucky little woman, of medium height, bright eyes, round face and frank expression, who uses crude language and is perfectly frank in talking of her own career. Her home has always been in the mountains, and her parents have lived in peace with their neighbors.

She was the second wife of Etlinger, and until he attempted to drag her to eternity with him, she was a devoted wife. Her description of the events leading to the tragedy, as exciting as any in the McCoy-Hatfield feud, was given in as simple words as if she were reciting the incidents of a neighborhood dispute.

ETLINGER'S QUEER NOTIONS.

Although her husband was regarded as being always quarrelsome, a bully among his neighbors, a dangerous man when aroused, she said his nature was due to his belief that every hand was turned against him. Feeling thus, he frowned on all he met, he cursed children at play, was surly when he met those he knew and was always ready for fight. That was his bad side, and his wife says it grew worse and worse until not a man would call her husband friend, and she was practically an outcast.

Etlinger's good side, as his wife described it, was his skill as a workman. He was a mechanical genius, who could make with crude tools the most intricate implements, and who could design just the right thing to meet the emergency. On account of his skill his services were sought by men who despised him, but he preferred to work for his own enjoyment, except to the extent required to earn a living.

HIS MECHANICAL GENIUS.

One of his hobbies was to make guns, and the collection included the fourteen rifles with which he defended himself when barbed. He was fond of his handwork in making instruments of death, and Mrs. Etlinger gave a strong indication of his character when she said that after he had prepared a dynamite trap to blow up intruders in his home he chuckled with delight over the probability of murdering his neighbors.

"He was mad, Bill was," said the grief-stricken wife. "Not crazy, but mad, because he thought every hand was turned against him."

Then she went on to tell how Etlinger had quarrelled with her father, Benjamin Bender, and how her husband had nearly scalped the old man. She carefully refrained from saying that her husband's treatment of her had been the cause of the dispute, and as to the merits of the quarrel she would make no comment. The result of it was that Etlinger, then known as the desperado of Centre County, was arrested, though afterward released on bail.

WOULDN'T STAND TRIAL.

"But Bill thought every one was against him," said his wife, "so he wouldn't stand trial. He went to the mountains and then all the folks got down on him worse."

"And you were blamed for aiding him?" Mrs. Etlinger was asked.

"Yes," she said, "but what could I do? I couldn't see him starve, so I took him food. I wouldn't have been a wife if I hadn't done it."

He stayed in the mountains during the day, it was explained, returning to his home at night, and barricading every door. He bored holes in the walls of his home through which to shoot should he be attacked, and he prepared bombs to throw into the attacking party. During this period, his wife declared that his hatred

of the neighborhood, of the human race and everything in life increased. He cherished the belief that all were against him until he was a demon, and was actually despondent because he could devise no way of killing men by the score rather than singly.

"I knew there would be trouble," said the wife, "when I heard that John Barner was going to arrest Bill, for Bill said he wouldn't be taken alive."

Continuing, she explained how Barner went to the house on Thursday with two deputies, C. G. Mott and John Hoffman. Etlinger saw them approach and called his wife and two children, a boy of two years old and a girl of four to the second floor. Mrs. Etlinger and her children, crying for fear and almost frantic, were sent by the husband to a rear room, and he snatched a Constable Barner knocked at the door. Then the brave constable kicked in a panel, and stooping to crawl through his head was made a target by Etlinger, and a charge of buckshot killed him instantly.

FATAL SHOT MADDENED HIM.

The fatal shot, Mrs. Etlinger declared, drove her husband to frenzy. He was a madman, cursing himself, his wife and his neighbors. When Mrs. Etlinger screamed in terror he told her to be quiet or he would kill her, too, and then in fright she crouched in a corner of her bedroom while her husband fired shot after shot, wounding Frank Geiswhite from a window opposite, and frightening the five hundred inhabitants of the town as if an attack had been made by an invading enemy of the country.

"When I peeped through the holes for his rifle that Bill had made," said Mrs. Etlinger, "I could see our neighbors, and I knew from their looks that they were going to kill Bill and I wanted him to give up, but he wouldn't and he cursed awfully. Then I said he would have to let me and the children go, and when I told him this he put his hands on my ankles and a gag in my mouth so I couldn't scream. After awhile he took the gag off, but he still kept the hobbles on my feet, and I couldn't have got out if I wanted to, and it wouldn't have been safe anyway, for the crowd was very angry."

During the beginning of the fusillade, Mrs. Etlinger explained that she and the children huddled together on the top floor of their home. Bullets were crashing through the windows and were peppering the sides of the house continually. The wife did not know what moment a piece of lead would find its way through a crevice to end her life, and to add to this terror, was that caused by the fury of her husband, who seemingly without fear of death, saved in anger and fired shot after shot from his best rifles. Finally when the wife had pleaded for her children, the desperado led the way to the cellar for greater safety.

The arrival of Sheriff Condon from Belleville, who in answer to an appeal had made haste on a special train with a posse of sixteen men, was the first thing, the women says, that cooled the bravado of the desperado. When he caught sight of the Sheriff he exclaimed:

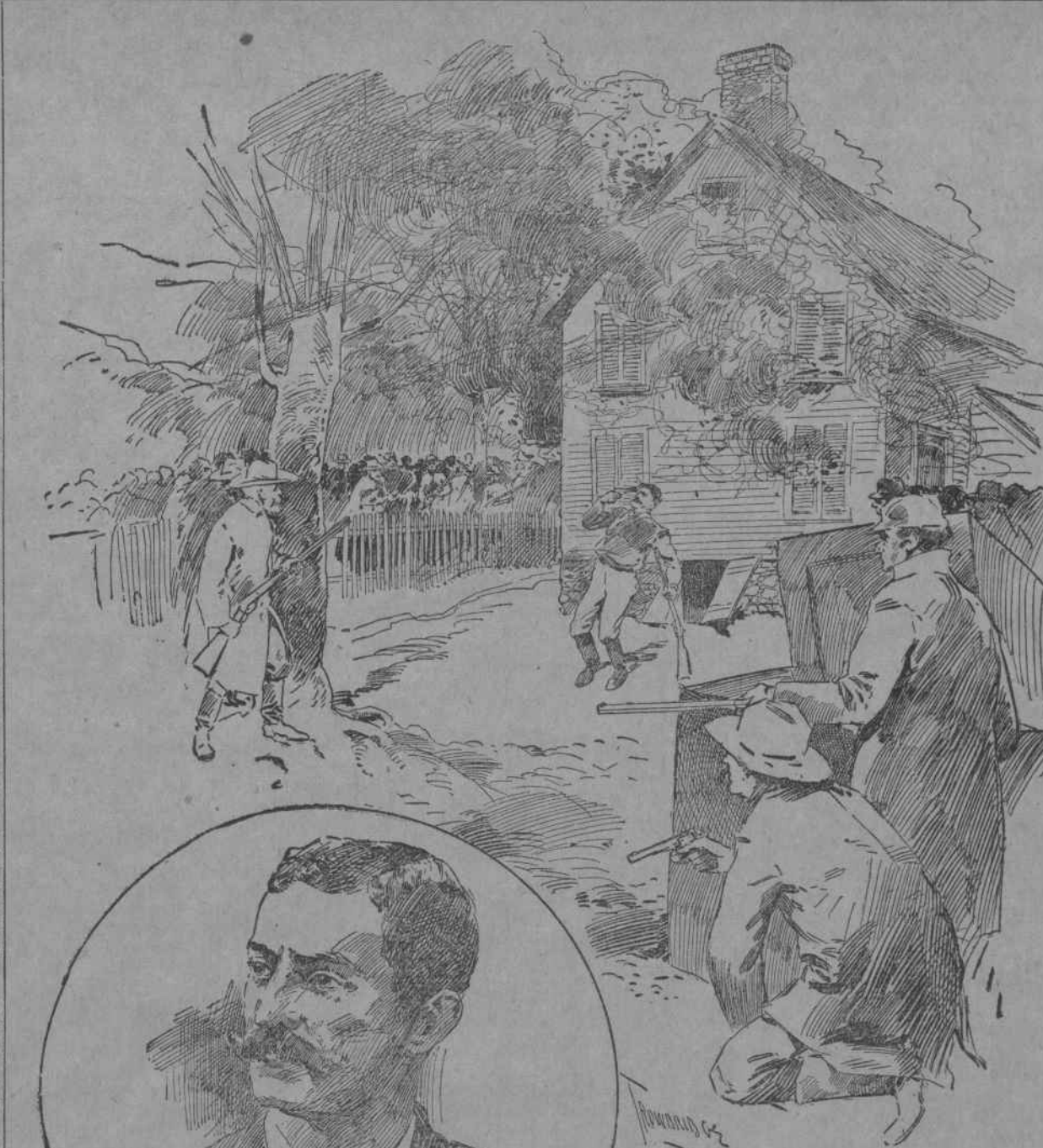
THE SHERIFF SCARED HIM.

"I'm done for now, but I'll kill as many as I can before I die."

From that time until the house was fired to drive out the desperado, Mrs. Etlinger knows nothing except that her husband's rage increased and he was wilder in his curses and denunciations. The fusillade was directed from every side and was kept up continually from the first attack on Thursday until the house was fired on Friday afternoon.

"We all kept in places of safety," said Robert Caldwell, a lumberman living near Woodward, yesterday, "for we knew that Etlinger was a good shot and that he would send a bullet into the head of any man he could. We concealed ourselves behind stumps, trees and fences and every man was mighty careful to keep himself outside the range of Etlinger's bullets."

One of the points used for protection, Mr. Caldwell explained, was the Evangelical



The Death of Etlinger.

(From a sketch furnished by an eye witness.)

The man whose wife declared yesterday that he was not crazy but mad, intrenched himself in his house at Woodward, Pa., and held at bay a posse of citizens for nearly two days who had gone to arrest him for the murder of a Constable. This sketch shows Etlinger a moment after he had been driven out of his house by the flames. He carried a gun in his left hand and a revolver in his right. When ordered to surrender he slowly raised his right hand, placed the muzzle of the revolver to his temple and fired. He then sent a second bullet into his body which finished him. The picture of Etlinger on the left side is from his latest photograph by J. W. Morse, at Belleville, Pa.

Church, within one hundred feet of Etlinger's home. This is a little frame house with a steeple, in which there is a bell. It was stated by Mr. Caldwell that one of the neighbors climbed to the church steeple and from this point shot round after round from his Winchester rifle. Others sought safety behind the house of worship, appearing only to fire and then retreating to cover. The desperado at bay evidently learned of this, for on the side of the

Etlinger without being noticed. Then on his hands and knees he crept to the corner of Etlinger's house and with a pine pitch knot soaked in kerosene as a torch he started the blaze.

This kind of attack was unexpected to Etlinger, so his wife said to-day, and when he finally heard the fire crackle and saw the smoke and blaze he gave vent to fury in the bitterest curses. He then made a proposition that shows the desperation of the man; that is, that he should shoot her and that she should shoot him simultaneously. He made the suggestion with a demonic laugh, and he added:

"I'll set the children out now."

As he said this he grasped his boy by one arm and his girl by the other, and was about to set them outside the cellar door when the thought evidently came to him that if he showed his head outside it would be filled with lead as quickly as a well loaded trigger could be pulled.

"Put them out yourself," he said to the

then fired another bullet into his head and fell dead.

The people of Woodward are still angry because Etlinger cheated them of the revenge they had hoped for. They wanted to lynch him and his suicide spoiled plans they formulated from the time the refugee sought seclusion in the mountains. The people of the village and of the entire Penn valley, in which he is situated, are usually of a most peaceful turn of mind, but Etlinger worked them into a fury that has not yet subsided. To understand this feeling it must be remembered that the people of Woodward, being far back in the mountains, have few subjects to talk about, and as a result the desperado, Etlinger, has been their most important theme for conversation since he became a terror in the region. The village is six miles from the Bellefonte & Lewisburg branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is at the end of the seven-mile Narrows, famous as a point of the old State road, in which many murders have been committed.

A POINT OF VANTAGE.

Etlinger's house was at the end of the Narrows and his garden extended back into the mountain. This gave him the advantage of an easy retreat. The path that led to the mountains, when he wanted to escape, officers of the law, was used yesterday as the road over which his body was conveyed to an unmarked grave. To-day being the only day of the week when the busy people of the region are at leisure, many curious persons went to see Etlinger's grave, notwithstanding the efforts of those who had buried him to keep his burial place secret. This precaution was thought necessary for fear the desperado's body would be disinterred and hanged from a tree.

AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

The grave was left without a mound to prevent discovery, but it was found by the curious and was visited by nearly all the people of the village. Not even a stone has been raised to mark the burial spot, and as soon as leaves fall over it the place will be forgotten.

Neither Mrs. Etlinger nor Etlinger's brother, who lives in Woodward, would have anything to do with the funeral, as his body was placed in a rough box made with four boards. Etlinger's brother was as much down on the desperado as any other man in the region, and was one of the spectators who watched the bombardment of the house and cheered the attacking party.

The statement of Mrs. Etlinger to the effect that her husband had a box of poison which he had intended placing in the springs and wells of people in the village is generally credited at Woodward. Nearly all the people of the village get their water from springs and it would have been an easy matter for a man of the cunning of Etlinger to place the poison in the water. The belief that this was one of his plans for revenge on the people he thought against him has created general satisfaction because he is out of the way.

It is also believed here that the plot to place dynamite bombs under the carper of the first floor is true, and that he had made arrangements so that he could explode the bombs from the cellar. It was reported that he intended to wait until a crowd of his neighbors were in the house looking for him, and then send them to eternity along with himself.

DYNAMITE IN HIS CELLAR.

The continual exploding of dynamite while the house was burning is explained by the discovery that Etlinger had a small well in the floor of his cellar in which he stored the explosive. There was enough of it there, it is said, to have blown up a dozen houses. Nearly all the people of the

A TRUANT HUSBAND PREVENTS A WEDDING.

John Marshall Now Stands in the Way of Two Lovers' Happiness.

He Married Fair Lillian Frost and Then Deserted Wife and Child in Brooklyn.

EFFORTS BEING MADE TO FIND HIM.

As Soon as the Young Mother Can Gain Her Freedom She Will Marry Samuel Gibson, of Staten Island.

Pretty eighteen-year-old Mrs. Lillian Marshall, formerly of Brooklyn, and now residing with Mrs. Haywood, of Livingston, S. I., is extremely anxious to learn the whereabouts of her husband, John Marshall, who was last heard of at Columbus, O.

A certain substantial ice merchant of Staten Island, named Samuel Gibson, is equally anxious that John Marshall may be located, in the pleasant anticipation of not sleeping in his shoes, at least of blinding himself in similar letters to those which now chafe and impede the hygienic aspirations of the deserted young matron.

Three years ago John Marshall, then a fine looking fellow of thirty-five years of age, claiming to come from the South, took up the best quarters in Mrs. Van Dyke's apartment house on Hicks street, Brooklyn. He so ingratiated himself with his landlady that she extended to him the hospitality of her family pew in Bethel Church.

Fifteen-year-old Lillian Frost, whose mother kept a laundry in Fulton street, was about the prettiest girl in the Bethel congregation, and Marshall, becoming much attracted by her obtained an introduction from Mr. Van Dyke, and immediately began to pay Lillian marked attention.

She taught in Sunday school, and the susceptible Southerner helped her each Sunday afternoon in her task of teaching the lessons of heavenly love to her young pupils. Meanwhile he made considerable progress in the inculcation of the earthly article in the heart of the comely teacher.

MARRIED HIS VICTIM.

The lover's laundry was taken from the beauteous Chinese who had hitherto operated upon it and transferred to the kindly offices of fair Lillian's mother. So started the romance which was to wreck the young girl's life.

Lillian's unfortunate condition was discovered by her mother, and under threat of arrest the man was coerced into marrying the young girl. They never, however, lived happily, and shortly after the ceremony the flashy husband disappeared, leaving his girl wife and a baby boy destitute except for the kindness of her mother. In a little while the infant died, and when the tears had left the distressed wife's cheeks she found herself a grass widow still in her teens.

Advertisements were inserted in newspapers all over the country in the effort to trace the truant husband, but in vain. Five years ago Mrs. Marshall removed to



Mrs. Etlinger and Her Two Children.

She was manacled by her husband, and with her two boys was forced to retreat to the top floor of the house, while he remained below to keep the enraged citizens from breaking in and arresting him.

mother, and then he looked at her hobbled feet and chuckled at the thought that she could not move. She was standing near him and he dropped to his knees to free her ankle. He freed only one hobble and commanded her to place the children outside the doorway.

"He wanted me to return," she said to-day, "but I then resolved that for the sake of my children I would escape."

She says she carried a child in each arm up the cellar stairs and that when she appeared the firing for the moment ceased.

"BILL SHOT AT ME," she said.

"It was a terrible moment," she said. "The people outside were mad, for they thought I had thrown dynamite bombs out of a window, and behind Bill was telling me to come back, or he would shoot me. I let the children go, and they ran away hand in hand. Then I started to follow and Bill shot at me."

An angry dispute took place among the crowd at the woman's appearance. Some thought Mrs. Etlinger should be allowed to go in peace, others urged that as she had tried to kill by throwing dynamite, she should be summarily dealt with. In the confusion Mrs. Etlinger was hurried away. Attention was directed to Etlinger, who was driven from his refuge by the smoke and flames. He carried in his left hand a rifle and in his right a revolver.

A FIEND'S TRAGIC END.

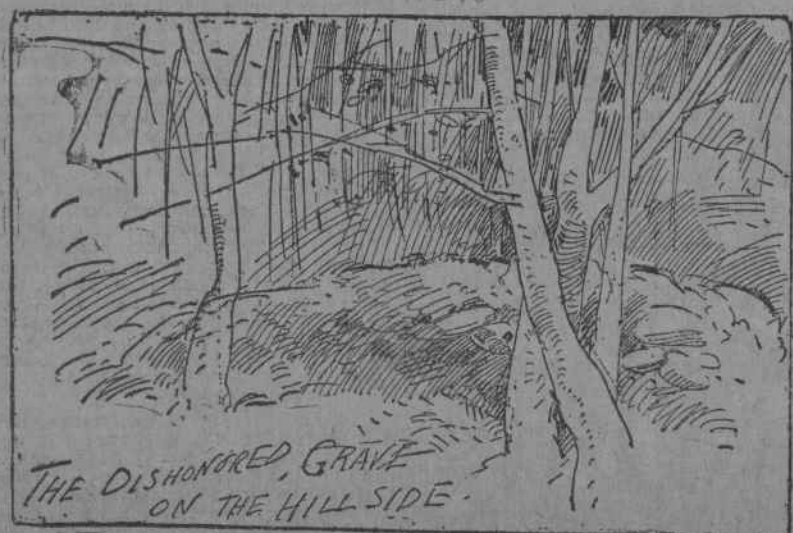
When asked by Sheriff Condon to surrender he raised his hands as if to do so, and as the right, with the revolver pointed at his head, reached the level of his temple, he pulled the trigger, staggered a moment,

It is well to get clear of a Bad Cough or Cold the first week, but it is safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. Easy to take and effective—Jayne's Painless Sensitive Pills.



The Church Used as a Point of Vantage.

Situated but a short distance from Etlinger's house is the Evangelical Church. Thither one of the invaders repaired and sought a position in the steeple for the purpose of shooting the madman if the opportunity presented itself. The black spots on the side of the building indicate the fusillade of bullets coming from Etlinger's fortress.



THE DISHONORED GRAVE ON THE HILL SIDE.